BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

POPE VOLUME II.

While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate
Affrights the Beggar whom he longs to eat.

Moral Essays Epis. 158

Mortimer del. *Thornthwaite sculp.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar. 1st 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEX. POPE, ESQ.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire:
And taught the World with reaſon to admire. P.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1776.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

FROM

THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

ESSAY ON MAN,	*WIFE OF BATH,*
ESSAY ON CRITICISM,	*STATIUS' THEBAIS,*
MORAL ESSAYS,	*BOOK I.*

&c. &c. &c.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1776.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

Occaſioned by the

DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Inſcribed to

MR. WARBURTON.

BY J. BROWN, A. M.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

Of the end and efficacy of Satire. The love of glory and fear of ſhame univerſal, *ver.* 29. This paſſion, implanted in man as a ſpur to virtue, is generally perverted, *ver.* 41, and thus becomes the occaſion of the greateſt follies, vices, and miſeries, *ver.* 61. It is the work of Satire to rectify this paſſion, to reduce it to its proper channel, and to convert it into an incentive to wiſdom and virtue, *ver.* 89. Hence it appears that Satire may influence thoſe who defy all laws human and divine, *ver.* 99. An objection anſwered, *ver.* 131.

PART II.

Rules for the conduct of Satire. Juſtice and truth its chief and eſſential property, *ver.* 169. Prudence in

the application of wit and ridicule, whofe province is, not to explore unknown, but to enforce known truths, *ver.* 191. Proper fubjects of Satire are the manners of the prefent times, *ver.* 239. Decency of expreffion recommended, *ver.* 255. The different methods in which folly and vice ought to be chaftifed, *ver.* 269. The variety of ftyle and manner which thefe two fubjects require, *ver.* 277. The praife of virtue may be admitted with propriety, *ver.* 315. Caution with regard to panegyric, *ver.* 329. The dignity of true Satire, *ver.* 341.

PART III.

The hiftory of Satire. Roman Satirifts, Lucilius, Horace, Perfius, Juvenal, *ver.* 357. &c. Caufes of the decay of literature, particularly of Satire, *ver.* 389. Revival of Satire, *ver.* 401. Erafmus one of its principal reftorers, *ver.* 405. Donne, *ver.* 411. The abufe of Satire in England, during the licentious reign of Charles II. *ver.* 415. Dryden, *ver.* 429. The true ends of Satire purfued by Boileau in France, *ver.* 439. and by Mr. Pope in England, *ver.* 445.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped,
And Pope lyes number'd with the mighty dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in Your's and Britain's heart:
You mourn; but Britain, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious Britain!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn;
And ſnake-hung Envy hiſſes o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the laurel that ſurrounds his tomb.
But you, O Warburton! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each virtue and each grace unite,
And taſte the raptures of a pure delight;
You viſit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new luſtre on the glowing line.

Yet deign to hear the efforts of a muse
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence his and Satire's gen'rous end.
In ev'ry breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame:
The passion one, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
And only fly, that glory may pursue:
She, pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great,
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade.
Thus Heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame;
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd substance quits the true;
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory, plunges deep in vice;

'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praiſe he pants to gain.
Thus ſtill imperious Nature plies her part,
And ſtill her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er deſtroy:
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe virtues which they fed before.
And ſure the deadlieſt foe to virtue's flame,
Our worſt of evils, is perverted ſhame:
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled ſlaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous chaſe, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The dæmon Shame paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "The world will call you fool."
Behold yon wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow coxcombs thrown;

Dauntleſs purſues the path Spinoza trod;
To man a coward, and a brave to God.
  Faith, juſtice, Heav'n itſelf, now quit their hold,
When to falſe fame the captiv'd heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs Cato dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his virtue, but his pride:
Hence chaſte Lucretia's innocence betray'd
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes;
When paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
  Hence Satire's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe;
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
  Nor boaſts the muſe a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft ſhe mourn thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthleſs fear:
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the clouded cane:

Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From pois'nous vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles,
And force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, ſeeks refuge with the wiſe;
The crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But Satire's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a ruling paſſion on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd people's groan,
Bold Satire ſhakes the tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And ſlaves and ſycophants ſurround in vain.
 But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is ſpleen; all juſt reproof, ill-nature.
 Well may they dread the muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill!

Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids vice and folly take their nat'ral ſhapes,
Turns ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, beaus to apes;
Drags the vile whiſp'rer from his dark abode,
'Till all the dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true Good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of virtue wakes her ſcorn of vice:
Where juſtice calls, 'tis cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd;
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than Satire's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as that to bleſs, was giv'n,
Alike the faithful miniſters of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are paid, who merit Satire moſt;
Folly the Laureat's, vice was Chartres' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft Satire acts the faithful ſurgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art:

With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal,
Tho' Folly raves to break the friendly ſteel;
Then ſure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

Dare nobly then: but conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold, be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
  But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As foplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to Honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
Fell raviſher, from innocence to tear
That name than liberty, than life, more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return?
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil:

With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart,
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.
  With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind Ridicule conceives a jeſt;
Before whoſe altar virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo, Shaftſb'ry rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the ſlave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Profaneneſs ſpawns, pert dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the idiot guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who therefore ſmil'd, becauſe they ſaw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We therefore ſee a fool, becauſe we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work Herculean wonders thro' the land:

Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton! ſhall rage in vain;
In vain the trackleſs maze of truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win,
And coxcombs vanquiſh Berkley by a grin.
But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to ſhore.
Though diſtant times may riſe in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the preſent age:
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning manners by the paſt:
Bid Britain's heroes (awful ſhades!) ariſe,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice:

Point back, to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
'Till the ſons bluſh at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When low-born ſharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye:
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd;
Or public ſpirit was the public jeſt.
 Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a ſcold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip —, her Grace a —.
The muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in Irony's tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd, the more ſurpriſe,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style Clodius honourable, Buſa chaſte.
 Dart not on folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd artillery on a fly!
Deride not vice: abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in ſo weak a chain,

Nay more; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When folly feels her ſmile, and vice her frown.
 Know next what meaſures to each theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe:
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and ſhines a charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of camps and ſenates diſciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive king—of Spades!
Let Satire here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each affectation into ſenſe.
 Not ſo when Virtue, by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implore's the muſe's aid;
When crimes, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of Day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adult'ry, on the genial bed
Hot from Cocytus, rears her baleful head:

When private faith and public truſt are ſold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking ſtate:
When giant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies:
Then warmer numbers glow through Satire's page,
And all her ſmiles are darkend into rage:
On eagle-wing ſhe gains Parnaſſus' height,
Not lofty Epic ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
Yet Satire oft aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene;
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when virtue, learning, arts decline,
She joys to ſee unconquer'd Merit ſhine;
Where burſting glorious, with departing ray,
True genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees Yorke to fame, e'er yet to manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry virtue but his own:
Hears unſtain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim
A ſage's, critic's, and a poet's name:

Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend:
To Hagley's honour'd ſhade directs her view,
And culls each flow'r, to form a wreath for you.
But tread with cautious ſtep this dangerous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide; diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native luſtre that muſt ſhine;
The poet can but ſet it in his line:
And who, unmov'd with laughter, can behold
A ſordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real merit then adorn your lays,
For ſhame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.
Nor think the muſe by Satire's law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the landſcape may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates paſſion, pictures man.
And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolſey or a Cromwell riſe;
Now, with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Cheſterfield's or Lonſdale's mind.

Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

Through ages thus has Satire keenly ſhin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet ſung.
This muſe in ſilence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage:
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the ſons of Greece ſhe prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next avenging Satire flew:
The flaming faulchion rough Lucilius drew,
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then ſportive Horace caught the gen'rous fire;
For Satire's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

In graver ſtrains majeſtic Perſius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page;
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent, thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.
But lo! the fatal victor of mankind!
Swoln Luxury!—pale Ruin ſtalks behind!
As countleſs inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the ſpring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r;
So barb'rous millions ſpread contagious death,
The ſick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep ſuperſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:
Wit, ſpirit, freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as ſenſe.
At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, Satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See, great Eraſmus breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!

(In vain the ſolemn coul ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reaſon urg'd by wit.
'Twas then plain Donne in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His wit harmonious, though his rhyme was proſe:
He midſt an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and Roman ſtrength of thought.
Yet ſcarce had Satire well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the muſe records her country's ſhame)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry morals the court poet bluſh'd to ſing;
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay, "the oddeſt thing."
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.
Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low-creeping in the putrid ſink of vice;
A muſe whom wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of pow'r, the proſtitute to gain:

Wreaths that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To ſtrumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And genius riſe, a monument of ſhame!
More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a ſage's care;
Him with her love propitious Satire bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and ſenſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs judgment guides the pureſt fire.
But ſee, at length, the Britiſh Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd iſle:
Behold, for Pope ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry poet's pow'r in one:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page,
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As ſpectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But oh! what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the poet's mind!
Who yonder ſtar's effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?

Who paint a god, unleſs the god inſpire?
What catch the lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty Pope! to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call, who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring ſpirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart,
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys;
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;

Mildly diſpels each wintry paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the virtue's into bloom.
This praiſe, immortal Pope! to thee be giv'n;
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did friendſhip e'er miſlead thy wand'ring muſe?
That friendſhip ſure may plead the great excuſe:
That ſacred friendſhip which inſpir'd thy ſong,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt virtue when it flows from love.
  Ye deathleſs names, ye ſons of endleſs praiſe,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton! inſpir'd by you,
The daring muſe a nobler path purſue,
By you inſpir'd, on trembling pinions ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid her country's glory fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair Truth, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but thine,

But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould ere incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoaking cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed bards may ſee,
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in infamy.

AN ESSAY ON MAN:

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

Having propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my Lord Bacon's expreſſion) "come home to men's buſineſs "and boſoms," I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering Man in the abſtract—his Nature and his State; ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpoſe of its being.

The ſcience of human nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever

escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these, without diminution

of any of them, I freely confefs he will compafs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publifhed is only to be confidered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Confequently thefe Epiftles, in their progrefs (if I have health and leifure to make any progrefs) will be lefs dry, and more fufceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the paffage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their courfe, and to obferve their effects, may be a tafk more agreeable.

To the Author of the Eſſay on Man.

When Love's * great goddeſs, anxious for her ſon,
Beheld him wand'ring on a coaſt unknown,
A huntreſs in the wood ſhe feign'd to ſtray,
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way.
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide;
He knew, and worſhipp'd his celeſtial guide.
 Thus vainly, Pope, unſeen you would diſpenſe
Your glorious ſyſtem of benevolence;
And, heav'nly-taught, explain the angel's ſong,
That praiſe to God, and peace to men belong.
Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
From whence ſuch truths could ſpring, ſuch lines could flow.
Applauſe, which juſtly ſo much worth purſues,
You only can deſerve, or could refuſe.

To the concealed Author of the Eſſay on Man.

Yes, friend! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd! but how?
Ever the brighteſt, more refulgent now,
By thy own luſtre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verſe, each ſyllable, is thine:
But ſuch philoſophy, ſuch reaſon ſtrong,
Has never yet adorn'd thy loftieſt ſong.

* Æneid I.

Doſt thou, ſatiric, vice and folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy deſign to make men good and wiſe,
Expoſing the deformity of vice?
Doſt thou thy wit, at once, and courage ſhow,
Strike hard, and bravely vindicate the blow?
Doſt thou delineate God, or trace out man,
The vaſt immenſity, or mortal ſpan?
Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name,
The Poem loudly muſt the pen proclaim.
I ſee my friend! O, ſacred Poet, hail!
The brightneſs of thy face defeats the veil.
Write thou, and let the world the writing view;
The world will know, and will pronounce it you.
Dark in thy grove, or in thy cloſet ſit,
We ſee thy wiſdom, harmony, and wit;
Forth breaks the blaze, aſtoniſhing our ſight,
Enſhrin'd in clouds, we ſee, we ſee thee write.
So the ſweet warbler of the ſpring, alone,
Sings darkling, but unſeen her note is known;
And ſo the lark, inhabiting the ſkies,
Thrills unconceal'd, though wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

To the Author of the Eſſay on Man.

As when ſome ſtudent firſt with curious eye,
Thro' Nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;

His doubtful reaſon ſeeming faults ſurpriſe,
He aſks if this be juſt, if that be wiſe?
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue in diſtreſs,
And vice unpuniſh'd, with ſtrange thoughts oppreſs.
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind he opens, fair is all he ſees;
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, Virtue's ragged plight,
And Vice's triumph, all are juſt and right:
Beauty is found, and order, and deſign,
And the whole ſcheme acknowledg'd all divine.
So when at firſt I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading through all the winding maze of Man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to purſue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This falſe, that ill-expreſs'd, this thought not good;
And all was wrong which I miſunderſtood.
But reading more attentive, ſoon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine ſound;
Saw man, a part of that ſtupendous whole,
"Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;"
Saw in the ſcale of things his middle ſtate,
And all his pow'rs adapted juſt to that;
Saw reaſon, paſſion, weakneſs, how of uſe,
How all to good, to happineſs, conduce;
Saw my own weakneſs, thy ſuperior pow'r,
And ſtill the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

To Mr. Pope. By a Lady.

FATHER of verſe! indulge an artleſs muſe,
Juſt to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuſe.
Rais'd by the ſoul that breathes in ev'ry line,
(My Phœbus thou, thy awful works my ſhrine!)
Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own,
And hail thee, ſeated on thy natal throne.
Stung by thy fame, though aided by thy light,
See bards, till now unknown, eſſay to write:
Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd ſwarms ariſe,
As inſects live beneath autumnal ſkies:
While Envy pines with unappeas'd deſire,
And each mean breaſt betrays th' invidious fire.
Yet thou, great Leader of the ſacred train,
(Whoſe Parthian ſhaft ne'er took its flight in vain)
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age,
Let wholeſome Satire looſe through ev'ry page,
Born for the taſk, whom no mean views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and ſcourge but to reclaim.
Yet not on Satire all your hours beſtow;
Oft from your lyre let gentler numbers flow;
Such ſtrains as breath'd thro' Windſor's lov'd retreats,
"And call'd the Muſes to their ancient ſeats."
Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mould to future fame the growing mind;
To ripen'd ſouls more ſolid aids impart,
And while you touch the ſenſe, correct the heart:

Yet though o'er all you ſhed diffuſive light,
Baſe minds will envy ſtill, and ſcribblers write.
  Thus the imperial ſource of genial heat,
Gilds the aſpiring dome, and mean retreat;
Bids gems a ſemblance of himſelf unfold,
And warms the purer ductile ore to gold:
Yet the ſame heat aſſiſts each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

An Ode to the Earl of Cheſterfield.

In alluſion to Horace.

Pindarim quiſquis, &c.

For me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,
  Where only Pope's ſtrong pinion can aſpire!
Horace, great ſource of true poetic light,
  Would melt my waxen wings before his fire.
As Thames' clear ſtream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
  At firſt the humbler treaſure of the plain,
Till with each ſpring the ſwelling current grows,
  And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main:
So ſoft deſcending from the Muſes' hill,
  Pope's ſpreading genius paſſes ev'ry bound,
Big with experience, knowledge, taſte, and ſkill,
  And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.
Freſh wreathes on ev'ry ſide await his head,
  Whether in Fancy's * wilds he youthful ſtray,
In Humour's † frolic round new meaſures tread,
  Or boldly follow Pindar's || pathleſs way.

* Paſtorals, and Windſor-Foreſt. † Rape of the Lock. || Odes.

Religious he maintains the muse's trust;
Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire;
To his progressive genius strictly just,
Its use dilating as its pow'rs aspire.
Whether from antique rust, with pious toil,
He polish Britain's ancient poets' * praise;
Or planting careful in his better soil,
Preserve more green the Greek and Roman bays †:
Whether the nobler monument || he frame
To those whom virtues, arts, or arms adorn;
Or snatch from Envy ⊥, or the grave, their fame,
Whom Pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn:
Till (as of old, some heav'n-instructed bard)
To Man ‡ he pleads in Truth and Wisdom's cause;
Chastises Vice, deals Virtue her reward,
Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.
High on the swelling gale of constant praise,
We see this Swan of Thames sublimely rise,
Ev'n Envy's ** breath but serves his flight to raise,
And lift his spotless plumage to the skies.
While on the humble banks, far, far below,
Unmark'd, my tuneless reed I painful try;
Like the small bee, with toil collecting slow
The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply.

* Chaucer and Donne.
† Homer, Horace, Ovid.
|| Epitaphs.
⊥ Epistles.
‡ Essay on Man.
** The Dunciad.

To move our absent Prince*, (the realm's desire),
Then let his skill compose th' attractive song;
Or you, my Lord, may boldly strike the lyre,
You, to whose call the willing Muses throng.
Persuasion decks your words with ev'ry art,
To lead the social band in sportive wit;
To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,
While senates held in rapt'rous silence sit.
Or (tho' each bard in rev'rence mute should wait)
A joyful people his return shall greet,
The busy hall shall cease from loud debate,
Contending parties bow at George's feet.
Applauding senates shall record his fame,
And hail the arbiter of Europe home;
Him haughty Gallia's dread they shall proclaim;
From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.
Fate never gave a king so great before;
A king so good no nation shall behold:
For him the grateful realm shall Heav'n adore,
For him, whose reign revives the Age of Gold.
To peaceful congress when his arts have led
Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,
The sacred olive wreath shall grace his head,
That wreath, so often purchas'd by his care.

* This ode was written when his Majesty was expected from Hanover, in the year 1736-7.

My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praiſe,
 When well-plac'd Eloquence exhauſts the theme;
When mitred lords their hands to Heav'n ſhall raiſe,
 And give God thanks with piety extreme.
With loyal luxury to crowd the board
 Artiſts ſhall vie, th' eternal feaſt ſucceed;
Woods, lakes, and ſeas, their plenty ſhall afford,
 And ſlaughter'd hecatombs profuſely bleed.
But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate
 Bleſſes with health and peace my homely fare,
Where my calm wiſhes frame no ſchemes of ſtate,
 But ſtill for Britain's welfare form the pray'r.

To the Author of the Eſſay on Man.

BY MR. SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever Work to ſuch perfection wrought!
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not ſparingly adorn'd with ſcatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze:
So breaks the day upon the ſhades of night,
Enliv'ning all with one unbounded light.
 To humble man's proud heart thy great deſign;
But who can read this wond'rous work divine,
So juſtly plann'd, and ſo politely writ,
And not be proud, and boaſt of human wit?
 Yet juſt to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;

His image we, but mix'd with coarſe allay,
Our happineſs to love, adore, obey;
To praiſe him for each gracious boon beſtow'd,
For this thy Work, for ev'ry leſſer good,
With proſtrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.
The muſe, which ſhould inſtruct, now entertains,
On trifling ſubjects, in enervate ſtrains;
Be it thy taſk to ſet the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aëreal flight,
Her noble mien, her honours loſt reſtore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly ſoar.
Thy theme ſublime, and eaſy verſe will prove
Her high deſcent, and miſſion from above.
Let others now tranſlate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to Men,
In Virtue's cauſe ſhall glorioſly prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
Made wiſe by thee, whoſe happy ſtyle conveys
The pureſt morals in the ſofteſt lays,
As angels once, ſo now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming muſe ſhall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to the univerſe.

The Argument.

OF Man in the abſtract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own ſyſtem, being ignorant of the relations of ſyſtems and things, v. 17, &c. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being ſuited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, v. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends, v. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The impiety of putting himſelf in the place of God, and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations, v. 113, &c. V. The abſurdity of conceiting himſelf the final cauſe of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, v. 131, &c. VI. The unreaſonableneſs of his complaints againſt Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the ſenſitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miſerable, v. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal order and gradation in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a ſubordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; that reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties, v. 207. VIII. How much further this order and ſubordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation muſt be deſtroyed, v. 233. IX. The extravagance, madneſs, and pride, of ſuch a deſire, v. 259. X. The conſequence of all, the abſolute ſubmiſſion due to Providence, both as to our preſent and future ſtate, v. 281, &c. to the end.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcous ſhoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who through vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connexions, nice dependencies,

Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind? [find,
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother Earth why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade!
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's ſatellites are leſs than Jove?
Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſs'd
That wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,

Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', beings', uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:

Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never is, but always to be bleſt.
The ſoul (uneaſy, and confin'd) from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the Solar walk, or Milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire;
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;

Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch;
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aſpiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me the grape, the roſe renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
"For me health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
"My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,

When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No, ('tis reply'd) the firſt almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
" And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſunſhine, as of Man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he whoſe hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms,
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
  Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind:
But all ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of life.

The general order, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he
And little leſs than angels, would be more; [ſoar,
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say, what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond Mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?

Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rofe in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ftunn'd him with the mufic of the fpheres,
How would he wifh that Heav'n had left him ftill
The whifp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wife,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The fcale of fenfual, mental pow'rs afcends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grafs:
What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of fmell, the headlong lionefs between,
And hound fagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The fpider's touch, how exquifitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what fenfe fo fubtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How inftinct varies in the grov'ling fwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reafon, what a nice barrier!
For ever fep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection, how ally'd!
What thin partitions fenfe from thought divide!

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?
VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, Man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſtars run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madneſs! pride! impiety!
IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Juſt as abſurd to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
X. Ceaſe then, nor Order imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good.
And, ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man, with reſpect to himſelf, as an individual.

The Argument.

I. THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy himſelf. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, v. 1, to 19. The limits of his capacity, v. 19, &c. II. The two principles of Man, ſelf-love and reaſon, both neceſſary, v. 53, &c. Self-love the ſtronger, and why, v. 67, &c. Their end the ſame, v. 81, &c. III. The paſſions, and their uſe, v. 93, to 130. The predominant paſſion, and its force, v. 132, to 160. Its neceſſity, in directing Men to different purpoſes, v. 165, &c. Its providential uſe, in fixing our principle, and aſcertaining our virtue, v. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things ſeparate and evident: what is the office of Reaſon, v. 203, to 216. V. How odious vice in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves in it, v. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are anſwered in our paſſions and imperfections, v. 238, &c. How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all orders of Men, v. 241.; how uſeful they are to ſociety, v. 251.; and to individuals, v. 263.; in every ſtate, and every age of life, v. 273, &c.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a god, or beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;

Alike in ignorance, his reafon fuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and paffion, all confus'd;
Still by himfelf abus'd, or difabus'd;
Created half to rife, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endlefs error hurl'd;
The glory, jeft, and riddle of the world!
  Go, wond'rous creature! mount where fcience guides;
Go, meafure earth, weigh air, and ftate the tides;
Inftruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the fun;
Go, foar with Plato to th' empyreal fphere,
To the firft good, firft perfect, and firft fair;
Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod,
And quitting fenfe call imitating God;
As Eaftern priefts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the fun.
Go, teach Eternal Wifdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyfelf, and be a fool!
  Superior beings, when of late they faw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd fuch wifdom in an earthly fhape,
And fhew'd a Newton as we fhew an ape.
  Could he, whofe rules the rapid comet bind,
Defcribe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who faw its fires here rife, and there defcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Alas, what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.
  Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide:
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dreſs,
Or learning's luxury, or idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!
  II. Two principles in human nature reign,
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all good; to their improper, ill.
  Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.
III. Modes of ſelf-love the paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all;

But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name.
  In lazy apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul;
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
  Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy:
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
Theſe, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike:
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength;
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its ruling paſſion came.
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.

We, wretched ſubjects, tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:

Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſs'd,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expenſe;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;

The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence, ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the bias turns from good to ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? the God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;

'Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them coſts the time and pain.
V. Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice was ne'er agree'd:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool, by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits what they deſpiſe.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
   Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts, to reſign;
Taught, half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
   Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.

The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſs'd, the poet in his muſe.
  See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
  Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before,
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
  Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as Knowledge can deſtroy;
In Folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, Joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;

Ev'n mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others' wants by thine.
See! and confeſs one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Though Man's a fool, yet God is wiſe.

EPISTLE III.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to ſociety.

The Argument.

I. THE whole univerſe one ſyſtem of ſociety, v. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itſelf, nor yet wholly for another, v. 27. The happineſs of animals mutual, v. 49. II. Reaſon or inſtinct operate alike to the good of each individual, v. 79. Reaſon or inſtinct operate alſo to ſociety in all animals, v. 109. III. How far ſociety carried by inſtinct, v. 109. How much farther by reaſon, v. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, v. 147. Reaſon inſtructed by inſtinct in the invention of arts, v. 166.; and in the forms of ſociety, v. 176. V. Origin of political ſocieties, v. 199. Origin of monarchy, v. 207. Patriarchal government, v. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the ſame principle, of love, v. 215, &c. Origin of ſuperſtition and tyranny, from the ſame principle, of fear, v. 237, &c. The influence of ſelf-love operating to the ſocial and public good, v. 266. Reſtoration of true religion and government on their firſt principle, v. 285. Mixt government, v. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, v. 300, &c.

HERE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day,
But moſt be preſent if we preach or pray.
 I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend;
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endow'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt an aid of Man, and Man of beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving; nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:

The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.
  Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See Man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
  Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak control;
Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.

The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou, too, muſt periſh when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it, but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
This, too, ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;

And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds;
But as he fram'd the whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs:
So from the firſt eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace!
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.

Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits, riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.
IV. Nor think in Nature's ſtate they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and ſocial at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;

The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed:
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's attribute was univerſal care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the Man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man.
  See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here, too, all forms of ſocial union find,
"And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:

"Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
"There towns aërial on the waving tree.
"Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
"The ants' republic, and the realm of bees;
"How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
"And anarchy without confuſion know;
"And theſe for ever, though a monarch reign,
"Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
"Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
"Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
"In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
"Entangle Juſtice in her net of law,
"And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
"Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
"Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
"Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
"And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
"Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What war could raviſh, commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converſe and love Mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and Nature law.

Thus ſtates were form'd; the name of king unknown,
Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.
VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch ſate
King, prieſt, and parent of his growing ſtate;
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of the abyſs profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as god to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,

No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being, but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
  Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cauſe?
Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt law,
Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, ſlaves of ſubjects made:
She 'midſt the lightning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She from the rending earth and burſting ſkies,
Saw gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſs'd abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.

Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives self-love, through just and through unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,

The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd ſtate.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From order, union, full conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer; ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or angel, ſervant, lord, or king.
For forms of goverment let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For modes of faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great end;
And all of God that bleſs mankind, or mend.
  Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the ſun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul;
And one regards itſelf, and one the whole.
  Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade ſelf-love and ſocial be the ſame.

EPISTLE IV.

Of the nature and state of Man with respect to happiness.

The Argument.

I. FALSE notions of happineſs, philoſophical and popular, anſwered, from v. 19, to 27. II. It is the end of all Men, and attainable by all, v. 29. God intends happineſs to be equal; and, to be ſo, it muſt be ſocial, ſince all particular happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by general, not particular, laws, v. 35. As it is neceſſary for order, and the peace and welfare of ſociety, that external goods ſhould be unequal, happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe, v. 51. But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the balance of happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two paſſions of hope and fear, v. 70. III. What the happineſs of individuals is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, v. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, v. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general laws in favour of particulars, v. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt, v. 131, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of, virtue, v. 167. That even theſe can make no man happy without virtue; inſtanced in Riches, v. 185. Honours, v. 193. Nobility, v. 205. Greatneſs, v. 217. Fame, v. 237. Superior Talents, v. 259, &c. with pictures of human infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all, v. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only conſtitutes a happineſs whoſe object is univerſal, and whoſe proſpect eternal, v. 309, &c. That the perfection of virtue and happineſs conſiſts in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a reſignation to it here and hereafter, v. 327, &c.

OH Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if drop'd below,
Say in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
  Aſk of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to gods, confeſs ev'n virtue vain!
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
  Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?
  Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;

And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe, and common eaſe.
Remember, Man, “the Univerſal Cauſe
“Acts not by partial, but by gen’ral laws:”
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There’s not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern’d hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy’d:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav’n’s firſt law; and this confeſs’d,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav’n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe;
All Nature’s diff’rence keeps all Nature’s peace.
Condition, circumſtance, is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
  Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
  Oh Sons of Earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
  Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health conſiſts with temperance alone;
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?

Count all th' advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike Turenne proſtrate on the duſt!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the ſon expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the ſire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill, if rightly underſtood;
Or partial ill is univerſal good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.

We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
 Shall burning Etna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
 But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be;
But firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of Hell:
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries, There is, and that, There is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your virtue, puniſh mine.

Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too:
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
 "But ſometimes virtue ſtarves, while vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want health, the good want
  pow'r?"
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a god, and earth a heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of Nature will they ſtand?
 What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,

Juſtice a conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:
Rewards that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a-year.
Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend, a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
 Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
 Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs lies?
"Where but among the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:

Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
  What's Fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear you have; and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead:
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
 In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To ſee all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
 Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they 'mount;
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy Envy call,
Say, Would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:

Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all:
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens, who lay,
How happy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſee-weed, as proud Venice roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth, (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."

The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, though e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of Man.
  For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find):
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt virtue with his greateſt bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
  Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.
  God loves from whole to parts; but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;

Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race:
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind:
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſs'd,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh Maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, whatever is, is right;

That reaſon, paſſion, anſwer one great aim;
That true ſelf-love and ſocial are the ſame;
That virtue only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, ourſelves to know.

[As ſome paſſages in the Eſſay on Man have been ſuſpected of favouring the ſchemes of Leibnitz and Spinoza, or of a tendency towards Fate and Naturaliſm, it is thought proper here to inſert the two following Letters, to ſhow how ill-grounded ſuch a ſuſpicion is.—Theſe letters are not in any London edition.]

Mr Pope to the younger Racine, a celebrated French writer, occaſioned by his animadverſions on his Eſſay on Man, in a poem called Religion.

SIR, *London, Sept.* 1. 1742.

THE expectation in which I have been for ſome time paſt, of receiving the preſent you have honoured me with, was the occaſion of my delaying ſo long to anſwer your letter. I am at length favoured with your poem upon Religion; and ſhould have received from the peruſal of it a pleaſure unmixed with pain, had I not the mortification to find, that you impute ſeveral principles to me which I abhor and deteſt. My uneaſineſs met ſome alleviation from a paſſage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a want of knowledge of the Engliſh language, to give your own judgment on the Eſſay on Man. You add, that you do not controvert my tenets, but the evil conſequences deducible from them, and the maxims which ſome perſons of notable ſagacity have imagined that

they have discovered in my poem. This declaration is a shining proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your unacquaintance with the original has not proved more fatal to me than the imperfect conceptions of my translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real sentiments. The many additional embellishments which my Piece has received from the version of M. D. R—, have not done an honour to the Essay on Man equal to the prejudice it has suffered from his frequent misapprehension of the principles it inculcates. These mistakes, you will perceive, are totally refuted in the English piece which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic commentary, written by the learned author of the Divine Legation of Moses. I flatter myself that the Chevalier Ramsay will, from his zeal for truth, take the trouble to explain the contents of it. I shall then persuade myself that your suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no appeal from your candour and justice.

In the mean time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially in regard to some particulars about which you have desired an answer.

I must avow then, openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal, and the Archbishop of

Cambray; and I ſhall always eſteem it an honour to me to imitate the moderation with which the latter ſubmitted his private opinions to the deciſions of the church of which he profeſſed himſelf a member.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A Pope.

M. Racine's anſwer to Mr. Pope.

SIR, *Paris, Oct. 25. 1742.*

The mildneſs and humility with which you juſtify yourſelf is a convincing proof of your religion; the more ſo, as you have done it to one on whom it is incumbent to make his own apology for his raſh attack upon your character. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach: but though you acquit me with ſo much politeneſs, I ſhall not ſo eaſily forgive myſelf.

Certain it is, a precipitance of zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard poſitions, ſaid to be your's, or at leaſt conſequences reſulting from your Eſſay, cited againſt certain truths which I now find you reſpect as much as myſelf, I thought I had a right to enter the liſts with you. The paſſage in my preface was extorted from me by a degree of remorſe which I felt in writing againſt you. This remorſe, Sir, was awakened in me by the conſideration that the greateſt men are always the moſt ſuſceptible of the

truths of Revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr. Pope ſhould oppoſe a religion whoſe enemies have ever been contemptible; and it appeared ſtrange, that in a Work which points out the road to happineſs, you ſhould furniſh arms to thoſe who are induſtrious to miſguide us in the reſearch.

Your letter, at the ſame time that it does honour to your character, muſt bring a bluſh in my face for having entertained unjuſt ſuſpicions: but, notwithſtanding this, I think myſelf obliged to make it public. The injury which I have done you was ſo, the reparation ſhould be the ſame. I owe this to you, I owe it to myſelf, I owe it to juſtice.

Whatever may be ſaid in your favour in the commentary you have ſent me, it is now rendered unneceſſary by your own declaration. The reſpect which you avow for the religion you profeſs, is a ſufficient vindication of your doctrine. I will add, that, for the future, thoſe among us who ſhall feel the laudable ambition of making their poetry ſubſervient to religion, ought to take you for their model; and it ſhould ever be remembered, that the greateſt poet in England is one of the humbleſt ſons of the church.

I am, *&c.*

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood;
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind:
Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the human will.
What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.
What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.
Yet not to Earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.
Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.
Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.
Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
O lead me, whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.
This day be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.
To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's incenſe riſe!

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

[Written in the year 1709.]

CONTENTS.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION. That it is as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1. That a true tafte is as rare to be found, as a true genius, v. 9,—18. That moft men are born with fome tafte, but fpoiled by falfe education, v. 19,—25. The multitude of critics, and caufes of them, v. 26,—45. That we are to ftudy our own tafte, and know the limits of it, v. 46,—67. Nature the beft guide of judgment, v. 68,—87. Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized Nature, v. 88. Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets, v. 88,—110. That therefore the Ancients are neceffary to be ftudied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, v. 118,—138. Of licenfes, and the ufe of them by the Ancients, v. 141,—180. Reverence due to the Ancients, and praife of them, v. 181, &c.

PART II.

Caufes hindering a true judgment. 1. Pride, v. 209. 2. Imperfect learning, v. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, v. 233,—288. Critics in wit,

language, verſification only, v. 289, 305, 337, *&c.* 4. Being too hard to pleaſe, or too apt to admire, v. 384. 5. Partiality,—too much love to a ſect,—to the Ancients or Moderns, v. 394. 6. Prejudice or prevention, v. 408. 7. Singularity, v. 424. 8. Inconſtancy, v. 430. 9. Party ſpirit, v. 452, *&c.* 10. Envy, v. 466. Againſt envy, and in praiſe of good-nature, v. 508, *&c.* When ſeverity is chiefly to be uſed by critics, v. 526, *&c.*

PART III.

Rules for the conduct of manners in a critic. 1. Candour, v. 563. Modeſty, v. 566. Good breeding, v. 572. Sincerity and freedom of advice, v. 578. 2. When one's counſel is to be reſtrained, v. 584. Character of an incorrigible poet, v. 600; and of an impertinent critic, v. 610, *&c.* Character of a good critic, v. 631. The hiſtory of criticiſm, and characters of the beſt critics, Ariſtotle, v. 645. Horace, v. 653. Dionyſius, v. 665. Petronius, v. 667. Quintilian, v. 669. Longinus, v. 675. Of the decay of criticiſm, and its revival. Eraſmus, v. 693. Vida, v. 705. Boileau, v. 714. Lord Roſcommon, *&c.* v. 725. Concluſion.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

'Tis hard to ſay if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpite,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
  Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em would an hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
  But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
  Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;

Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring Nature! ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides,
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains,
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man wife.

'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſes' ſteed,
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.
Thoſe Rules of old diſcover'd, not deviſ'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd;
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some dryly plain, without Invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.
You then whoſe judgment the right courſe wou'd
Know well each Ancient's proper character; [ſteer,
His fable, ſubjects, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticiſe.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring. [bring,
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign,
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licenſe anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licenſe is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhap'd appear
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs, in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear in all tongues conſenting pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,

(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience liltle known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!

PART II.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but, your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;

But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurpriſe
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky;
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurpriſe,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;
For not to know ſome trifles is a praiſe.
Moſt critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.
"Not ſo, by Heav'n! (he anſwers in a rage)
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.
Others for Language all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:

Their praiſe is ſtill,—the ſtyle is excellent:
The ſenſe they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, mere Moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the play,
Theſe ſparks with awkward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new or old:

Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.
But moſt by Numbers judge a poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers through the trees:"
If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet, fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While at each change the ſon of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of Nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
  Avoid extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe:
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:

As things ſeem large which we through miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
  Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Though each may feel increaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days:
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
  Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the Town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality;
A conſtant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonnetteer or me!

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
  The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft the learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong.
So ſchiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once ſchool-divines this zealous iſle o'er-ſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read:
Faith, goſpel, all ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itſelf has different dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn?

Oft leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of parſons, critics, beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay, ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue,
But like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt who ſtays till all commend.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
  Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;

Whofe fame with pains we guard, but lofe with eafe,
Sure fome to vex, but never all to pleafe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous fhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
  If wit fo much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old thofe met rewards who could excel,
And fuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were referv'd to grace the foldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnaffus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to fpurn fome others down;
And while felf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the fport of fools:
But ftill the worft with moft regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what bafe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through facred luft of praife!
Ah ne'er fo dire a thirft of glory boaft,
Nor in the critic let the man be loft.
Good nature and good fenfe muft ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.
  But if in noble minds fome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of fpleen and four difdain,
Difcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in thefe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obfcenity fhould find,
Though wit and art confpire to move your mind;

But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful, ſure, as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all an eaſy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war;
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The fair ſate panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licenſe of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where Heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

PART III.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk to know.
'Tis not enough taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.
  Be ſilent always when you doubt your ſenſe,
And ſpeak, though ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure, own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critique on the laſt.
  'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſehoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
  Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof who merit praiſe.
  'Twere well might critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,

And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull:
Such, without wit, are poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowſy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew their race,
As, after ſtumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
  Such ſhameleſs bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;
For fools ruſh in where angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.
  But where's the man who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd,
A knowledge both of books and human kind;

Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
  Such once were critics; ſuch the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature ſhould preſide o'er wit.
  Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He who, ſupreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, though he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tranſlations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
  See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
  Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd.
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace;
But leſs to pleaſe the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws,
And is himſelf that great ſublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding critics juſtly reign'd,
Licenſe repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts ſtill follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.

But ſee! each Muſe, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her ſiſter arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida! on whoſe honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd:
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
The rules a nation born to ſerve obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief maſterpiece is writing well."

Such was Rofcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walfh—the Mufe's judge and friend,
Who juftly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for defert;
The cleareft head, and the fincereft heart.
This humble praife, lamented fhade! receive,
This praife at leaft a grateful Mufe may give:
The Mufe, whofe early voice you taught to fing,
Prefcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loft) no more attempts to rife,
But in low numbers fhort excurfions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Carelefs of cenfure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praife, yet not afraid to blame;
Averfe alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Et brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſaepe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetae,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto. HOR.

Advertiſement.

THE Eſſay on Man was intended to have been compriſed in Four Books:

The Firſt *of which the Author has given us under that title, in Four Epiſtles.*

The Second *was to have conſiſted of the ſame number:* 1. *Of the extent and limits of human reaſon.* 2. *Of thoſe arts and ſciences, and of the parts of them, which are uſeful, and therefore attainable, together with thoſe which are unuſeful, and therefore unattainable.* 3. *Of the nature, ends, uſe, and application of the different capacities of men.* 4. *Of the uſe of learning, of the ſcience of the world, and of wit; concluding with a ſatire*

against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The Third *Book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society; between which the Author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connexion; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.*

The Fourth *and last Book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.*

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the disjecta membra poetæ *that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected Books.*

The First, *as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes*

the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the three following; so that

The Second *Book was to take up again the first and second Epistles of the First Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other Three.*

The Third *Book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the Third Epistle of the First, which treats of Man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem; as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.*

The Fourth *and last Book was to pursue the subject of the Fourth Epistle of the First, and treats of ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the Four following Epistles were detached portions: the two first, on the Characters of Men and Women, being the introductory part of this concluding Book.*

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

Of the knowledge and characters of Men.

The Argument.

I. THAT it is not fufficient for this knowledge to confider Man in the abftract: books will not ferve the purpofe, nor yet our own experience fingly, v. 1. General maxims, unlefs they be formed upon both, will be but notional, v. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteriftic to himfelf, yet varying from himfelf, v. 15. Difficulties arifing from our own paffions, fancies, faculties, &c. v. 31. The fhortnefs of life, to obferve in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to obferve by, v. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourfelves, v. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, diffembled, or inconfiftent, v. 51. The fame man utterly different in different places and feafons, v. 71. Unimaginable weakneffes in the greateft, v. 77, &c. Nothing conftant and certain but God and Nature, v. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the fame actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the fame motives influencing contrary actions, v. 100. II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the ftrongeft actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itfelf, and from policy, v. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, v. 135. And fome reafon for it, v. 140. Education alters the nature, or at leaft character, of many, v. 149. Actions, paffions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all fubject to change. No judging by Nature, from v. 158, to 174. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling paffion: that will certainly influence all the reft, and can reconcile the feeming or real inconfiftency of all his actions, v. 175. Inftanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, v. 179. A caution againft miftaking fecond qualities for firft, which will deftroy all poffibility of the knowledge of mankind, v. 210. Examples of the ftrength of the ruling paffion, and its continuation to the laft breath, v. 222, &c.

PART I.

YES, you defpife the man to books confin'd,
Who from his ftudy rails at human kind;

Though what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Though many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' obſerver's ſake;
To written wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from notions, thoſe from gueſs.
There's ſome peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of mind as moſs.
That each from other differs firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reaſon though you can,
It may be reaſon, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come diſcolour'd through our paſſions ſhown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
Nor will life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft in the paſſions' wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When ſenſe ſubſides, and fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Though paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.
True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none;
(So darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, though his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:

When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his ſpleen.
But theſe plain characters we rarely find,
Though ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole,
Or affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The dull, flat falſehood ſerves for policy;
And in the cunning truth itſelf's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wiſe;
The fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
See the ſame man in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'neſs, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chaſe, wiſe at a debate;
Drunk at borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'ſon to a ſaint without.
Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bet.

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Charron,)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same;
In man the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.

PART II.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:

Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a deathbed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Aſk why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.
Why riſk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage Hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action conduct; one heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A ſaint in crape is twice a ſaint in lawn:
A judge is juſt, a chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A gownman learn'd; a biſhop what you will;
Wiſe if a miniſter; but if a king,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In Life's low vale, the ſoil the virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Though the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis education forms the common mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'ſquire,
The next a tradeſman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom ſtruts a ſoldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a ſcriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? ſly: a Preſbyterian? ſowr:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk men's opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some god, or ſpirit, he has lately found,
Or chanc'd to meet a miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or policy take place.

By actions? thoſe uncertainty divides.
By paſſions? theſe diſſimulation hides.
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range.
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
  Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

PART III.

  Search then the ruling paſſion: there, alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known;
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, princes, women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling paſſion was the luſt of praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and fools muſt like him, or he dies:
Though wond'ring ſenates hung on all he ſpoke,
The club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the frier.
Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;

Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun contempt;
His paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad outcaſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves ſhould call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet in this ſearch the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore,
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the luſt, in that the avarice
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chaſtity, at praiſe.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.

In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in bus'neſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate:
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
"Mercy! (cries Helluo), mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still tries to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,"
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke!)
"No, let a charming chintz, and Bruſſels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:

"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"
"I give and I deviſe" (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, Sir?"—"My money, Sir, what all?
"Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
"The manor, Sir?"—"The manor! hold, (he cry'd)
"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you, brave Cobham! to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
"Oh, ſave my country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the characters of Women.

The Argument.

THAT the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves, v. 1, &c. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as, I. In the affected, v. 21, &c. II. In the soft-natured, v. 29, and 37. III. In the cunning and artful, v. 45. IV. In the whimsical, v. 53. V. In the lewd and vicious, v. 69. VI. In the witty and refined, v. 87. VII. In the stupid and simple, v. 101. The former part having shewn that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform, v. 207. This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity, v. 211. What are the aims and the fate of this sex:---- I. As to power, v. 219. II. As to pleasure, v. 231. Advice for their true interest, v. 249. The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties, v. 269.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora, by a fountain side:
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,

Or dreſs'd in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer ſinner it, or faint it,
If folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.
  Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Chuſe a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
  Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a ſpark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greaſy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning maſk:
So morning inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting-ſun.
  How ſoft is Silia, fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! you tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a pimple on her noſe.
  Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, ſhow;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy ſpots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Leſs wit than mimic, more a wit than wiſe:
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh would hardly ſtew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name,
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame?
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.

See Sin in ſtate, majeſtically drunk,
Proud as a peereſs, prouder as a punk;
Chaſte to her huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming miſtreſs, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble ſeat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemaine.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feaſt,
The noſe of haut-gout, and the tip of taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft paſſion, and the taſte refin'd,
Th' addreſs, the delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A ſpark too fickle, or a ſpouſe too kind.
Wiſe wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe;

With too much quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchaſe pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
 Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate,
No aſs ſo meek, no aſs ſo obſtinate;
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of friends;
Or her whoſe life the church and ſcandal ſhare,
For ever in a paſſion, or a pray'r;
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill thoſe foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
 But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all womankind!
Who with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in expoſing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the world has been her trade,
The wiſeſt fool much time has ever made.

From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No paſſion gratify'd except her rage.
So much the fury ſtill out-ran the wit,
The pleaſure miſs'd her, and the ſcandal hit.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence purſu'd,
No more a ſtorm her hate than gratitude:
To that each paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate.
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curſe!
But an inferior not dependent? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—then the buſt
And temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By ſpirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf through very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the poor.
Pictures like theſe, dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;

Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how ſhould equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
  "Yet Chloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought;
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er ſhould cancel!—but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your ſecret ſtill in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you, too, be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out and made a queen:
The ſame for ever! and deſcrib'd by all
With truth and goodneſs, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And ſhew their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exacteſt traits of body or of mind
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queenſberry to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From peer or biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.
  But grant in public men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in public 'tis you hide;
There none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your ſhame or pride,
Weakneſs or delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a virtue or a vice.
  In men we various ruling paſſions find;
In Women two almoſt divide the kind;

Thoſe only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The love of pleaſure, and the love of ſway.
That Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience this: by man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond, not to loſe the firſt.
Men ſome to bus'neſs, ſome to pleaſure take;
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
Men ſome to quiet, ſome to public ſtrife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole ſex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the ſex, as children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to follies youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend,

Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.
As hags hold ſabbaths leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable night;
Still round and round the ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.
See how the World its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the vain deſign;
To raiſe the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the ſun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the moon's more ſober light,
Serene in virgin modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh! bleſt with temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a ſiſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er anſwers till a huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt when ſhe obeys;

Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Diſdains all loſs of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or ſmall-pox, above them all,
And miſtreſs of herſelf though china fall.
  And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter man;
Picks from each ſex to make the fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of pleaſure, our deſire of reſt:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taſte of follies, with our ſcorn of fools:
Reſerve with frankneſs, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with ſoftneſs, modeſty with pride;
Fixt principles, with fancy ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
  Be this a Woman's fame: with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' ſimple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your ſex a tyrant o'er itſelf.
The gen'rous god who wit and gold refines,
And ripens ſpirits as he ripens mines,
Kept droſs for ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave ſenſe, good humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

Of the uſe of Riches.

The Argument.

THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profuſion, v. 1, &c. The point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, v. 21, to 77. That Riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happineſs, ſcarcely neceſſaries, v. 89, to 160. That avarice is an abſolute frenzy, without an end or purpoſe, v. 113, to 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, v. 121, to 153. That the conduct of men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, v. 161, to 178. How a miſer acts upon principles which appear to him reaſonable, v. 179. How a prodigal does the ſame, v. 199. The due medium and true uſe of Riches, v. 219. The Man of Roſs, v. 250. The fate of the profuſe and the covetous, in two examples; both miſerable in life and in death, v. 300, &c. The ſtory of Sir Balaam, v. 339, to the end.

P. WHO ſhall decide when doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n;
And gold but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
  But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:

But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its fire, the fun,
Then careful Heav'n fupply'd two forts of men,
To fquander thefe, and thofe to hide agen.
Like doctors thus, when much difpute has paft,
We find our tenets juft the fame at laft:
Both fairly owning Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.
B. What Nature wants, commodious gold beftows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another fows.
P. But how unequal it beftows obferve;
'Tis thus we riot while who fow it ftarve:
What Nature wants (a phrafe I much diftruft)
Extends to luxury, extends to luft:
Ufeful, I grant, it ferves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark affaffin hires.
B. Trade it may help, fociety extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raifes armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a fenate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If fecret gold fap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confefs, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea fpoke,
And jingling down the back-ftairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket ſtates, can fetch or carry kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an army o'er,
Or ſhip off ſenates to a diſtant ſhore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a king, or buys a queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'ſquires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?

His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head:
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair courſers, vaſes, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix whores, and make his lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a world we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give:
Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins heirs?
To Chartres vigour? Japhet noſe and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax' ſelf the bleſſing of a friend;
Or find ſome doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's wife.

But thouſands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a baſtard, or a ſon they hate.
  Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.
"God cannot love" (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them Providence's care.
  Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it and the ſlave that hides.
  B. Who ſuffer thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.
  P. Some war, ſome plague or famine they foreſee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal the cauſe is found,
He thinks a loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.

Wiſe Peter ſees the world's reſpect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be ſold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.
But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian mines.
Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:
"At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful miniſters withſtood)
"Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the ſun;
"Stateſman and patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
"Peereſs and butler ſhare alike the box,
"And judges job, and biſhops bite the Town,
"And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
"See Britain ſunk in Lucre's ſordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!"
'Twas no court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy country peace.

"All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
"The ruling paſſion, be it what it will,
"The ruling paſſion conquers reaſon ſtill."
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that paſſion, if it has no aim;
For though ſuch motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each paſſion ſends,
"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
"Extremes in man concur to gen'ral uſe."
Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they ly,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the poor;
This year a reſervoir to keep and ſpare,
The next a fountain ſpouting through his heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:

What though (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought, and ſallads, bleſs'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, ſaints, and ſages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expenſe,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone chartreux ſtands the good old hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noon-tide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the ſmokeleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wanderers the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his ſon; he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.
(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a taſk indeed!)
Yet ſure of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'ſquire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;

'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The ſylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Laſt, for his country's love, he ſells his lands.
To Town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her ſpoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs country leaves him to her laws.
    The ſenſe to value Riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance fortune by a juſt expenſe,
Join with economy magnificence;
With ſplendour charity; with plenty health;
Oh teach us, Bathurſt! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean ſelf-love.
    B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate the care of Heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:

In heaps, like ambergris, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is incenſe to the ſkies.
P. Who ſtarves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that truſts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whoſe table wit, or modeſt merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a gameſter, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There Engliſh bounty yet a-while may ſtand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praiſes why ſhould lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the Man of Roſs:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſs'd,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to raiſe?
"The Man of Roſs," each liſping babe replies.

Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Roſs divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſs'd,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the Man of Roſs relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo [illegible] but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay what [illegible] that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children, clear,
This man poſſeſs'd—five hundred pounds a-year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your
Ye little Stars, hide your diminiſh'd rays! [blaze!
B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name, almoſt unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor, makes all the hiſtory;
Enough that virtue fill'd the ſpace between,
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings wealth to life can lend!
And ſee what comfort it affords our end.
In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with di[illegible]red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how cha[illegible] from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and Love;
Or juſt as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd ſtateſmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) adviſ'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r;
For very want he could not pay a dow'r.
A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers [illegible]l, the want of what he had!
Cutler and B[illegible], dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"
  Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
  P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth,
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:

Conſtant at church and 'Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqu'd ſuch faintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and craks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon [illegible] board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian l[illegible]
An honeſt factor ſtole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear, too, of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and ſubſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
Till all the dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a bleſſing, now was wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn;
His compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the devil ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-br[illegible]kolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his [illegible] gay commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's ſenate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Of the uſe of Riches.

The Argument.

THE vanity of expenſe in people of wealth and quality. The abuſe of the word Taſte, v. 13. That the firſt principle and foundation in this, as in every thing elſe, is good ſenſe, v. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Inſtanced in architecture and gardening, where all muſt be adapted to the genius and uſe of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it, v. 50. How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe long, if at all; and the beſt examples and rules will be but perverted into ſomething burdenſome and ridiculous, v. 65, to 92. A deſcription of the falſe taſte of magnificence; the firſt grand error of which is to imagine that greatneſs conſiſts in the ſize and dimenſion, inſtead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole, v. 97. a[illegible] the ſecond, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too [illegible]ly reſembling, or in the repetition of the ſame too freque[illegible]05, &c. A word or two of falſe Taſte in books, in muſic, in p[illegible]g, even in preaching and prayer, and, laſtly, in entertainments, v. 133, &c. Yet Providence is juſtified in giving wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, v. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the Firſt Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epiſtle preceding this, v. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expenſe of great men, v. 177, &c. and, finally, the great and public works which become a prince, v. 191, to the end.

'TIS ſtrange the miſer ſhould his cares employ
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange the prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his pictures, muſic, meats:
[illegible]uys for Topham drawings and deſigns,
[illegible]broke ſtatues, dirty gods, and coins;

Rare monkiſh manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! ſportive Fate, to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expenſe,
That never [illegible]mb reach'd magnificence!
You ſhow[illegible]me was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of uſe:
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools,
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain church with old theatric ſtate,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;

Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
   Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expenſe,
And ſomething previous ev'n to taſte—'tis ſenſe:
Good ſenſe, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And though no ſcience, fairly worth the ſev'n:
A light which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
   To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terras, or to ſink the grot,
In all let Nature never be forgot:
But treat the goddeſs like a mode[illegible]
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her who[illegible] bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleaſingly confounds,
Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the bounds.
   Conſult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to riſe or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

Still follow ſenſe, of ev'ry art the ſoul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, ſtrike from Chance:
Nature ſhall join you; time ſhall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make;
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an [illegible]age ſet Dr. Clarke.
Behold [illegible] ten years' toil complete;
His quinc[illegible]s, his eſpaliers meet;
The wood ſupp[illegible] the plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds, at laſt, he better likes a field.
Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the redd'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!

His ſon's fine taſte an op'ner viſta loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundleſs green, or flouriſh'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe alleys they were born to ſhade.
  At Timon's villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.
To compaſs this his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a d[illegible]
Who but muſt laugh the maſter w[illegible] ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a br[illegible]
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs [illegible]nd!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids ſquirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the wall!
No pleaſing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to ſtatues, ſtatues thick as trees;

With here a fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a ſummer-houſe that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty urn.
  My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his ſtudy-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
  His ſtudy! with what authors is it ſtor'd?
In books, [illegible]hors, curious is my Lord;
To all thei[illegible]acks he turns you round;
Theſe Ald[illegible], thoſe Du Sueïl has bound!
Lo, ſome are [illegible], and the reſt as good,
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
  And now the chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the ſaints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.

To reſt the cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
  But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd ſerpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb;
A ſolemn ſacrifice perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet wine, and God ... he King.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſ...
And complaiſantly help'd to al...
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I ta... leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no day was ever paſt ſo ill.
  Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his infants bread,
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity ſupplies.
  Another age ſhall ſee the golden ea...
Imbrown the ſlope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the ſoil?
Who plants like Bathurſt, or who builds like Boyle?
'Tis uſe alone that ſanctifies expenſe,
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Senſe.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increaſe;
Whoſe cheerful tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe ample lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future buildings, future navies, grow;
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade [illegible]try, and then raiſe a town.
You, too [illegible]' make falling arts your care,
Erect new [illegible]nd the old repair;
Jones and Palla[illegible]o themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what ſuch hands deſign'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
Theſe honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

[Occaſioned by his Dialogues on Medals.]

SEE the wild waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very tombs now vaniſh'd, like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations ſpoil'd,
Where, mix'd with ſlaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of men, ſcarce leſs alive th[illegible]!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of m[illegible]age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religio[illegible]
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian z[illegible]nſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
  Ambition ſigh'd: ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs column and the crumbling buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more:
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
'Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, ſages, beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacre[illegible] twice ten hundred years!
To gain P[illegible]ne employs his ſchemes,
One graſp[illegible] in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, [illegible]with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd;
And Curio, reſtleſs by the fair one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her gods, and godlike heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part
And art reflected images to art.

Oh! when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living Medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the patriot's honeſt face;
There warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurel'd bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore another Pollio ſhine;
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting note [illegible],
“ Stateſman, yet friend to trut[illegible]incere,
“ In action faithful, and in hon[illegible]
“ Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd [illegible]rivate end,
“ Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
“ Ennobled by himſelf, by all appro[illegible]'d,
“ And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.”

THE WIFE OF BATH

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife;
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have borne a part,
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captiv[illegible]ds from the church to bed.
Chriſt ſa[illegible]g once, the Scripture ſays,
And ſaw b[illegible]hought, in all his days;
Whence ſome [illegible]hoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.
"Increaſe and multiply" was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, "Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind's bely'd.

I've had myſelf full many a merry fit,
And truſt in Heav'n I may have many yet:
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
  Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The ſame apoſtle, too, has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel—and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel, or our will.
  I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſh[illegible]
Think fit to live in perfect chaſ[illegible]
Pure let them be, and free fro[illegible]ice;
I, for a few ſlight ſpots, am no[illegible]e.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, ſo am not I.
  Full many a ſaint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted maid, in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by Heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n:

Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For ſo ſaid Paul, and Paul's a ſound divine.
 Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride:
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt, without much loſs, I could reſign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more pleaſure far than they had eaſe.
 Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold
They mad[illegible]urt, like Jupiter of old:
If I but ſmi[illegible]en youth they found,
And a new[illegible]l them when I frown'd.
 Ye ſov'reign [illegible]! give ear, and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command:
For never was it giv'n to mortal man
To lie ſo boldly as we women can:
Forſwear the fact, though ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
 Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe's pleas'd to roam—
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?

If I but fee a coufin or a friend,
Lord! how you fwell, and rage like any fiend?
But you reel home, a drunken beaftly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eafy chair;
Cry wives are falfe, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
  If poor, (you fay) fhe drains her hufband's purfe;
If rich, fhe keeps her prieft, or fomething worfe:
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns poffefs her brain;
Now gayly mad, now fourly fplenetic,
Freakifh when well, and fretful when fhe's fick.
If fair, then chafte fhe cannot long abide,
By preffing youth attack'd on ev[illegible]
If foul, her wealth the lufty l[illegible]
Or elfe her wit fome fool-gall[illegible]s,
Or elfe fhe dances with becomin[illegible]ce,
Or fhape excufes the defects of face.
There fwims no goofe fo grey but, foon or late,
She finds fome honeft gander for her mate.
  Horfes (thou fay'ft) and affes men may try,
And ring fufpected veffels, ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtfhip, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
  You tell me, to preferve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muft always languifh on my face,

Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.
My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid,
And endleſs treats, and endleſs viſits paid
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lies.
On Jenkin, too, you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And lik[illegible]niſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear[illegible]ed brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn[illegible]ice ſhould you die to-morrow.
Why are t[illegible]ts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treaſure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor ſhall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit, in ſpite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, "Go where you will,
"Dear ſpouſe, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?

Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay.
The cat, if you but ſinge her tabby ſkin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;
But once grown ſleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun:
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad,
To ſhow her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable
I told 'em, Thus you ſay, and th
I told 'em falſe, but Jenkin ſwor
I, like a dog, could bite, as well
And firſt complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,

I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levied firſt a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our ſex is to be ſold.
With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces curſes oft I mixt,
Then k[illegible]n, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I [illegible] my will in peace, and die,
For not [illegible] a man's arrears am I.
To drop a d[illegible]iſpute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himſelf had ſat at table;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke;
"Billy, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look!
"Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;
"Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!
"Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft you preach,
"Well ſhould you practice, who ſo well can teach.
"'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
"But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.
"Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
"Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.

"One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;
"And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
"Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
"The wives of all my family have rul'd
"Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
"Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;
"What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
"Why, take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
"Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
"Would I vouchſafe to ſell what Nature gave,
"You little think what cuſtom I could have.
"But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame!
"What means my dear?—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my firſt three lords I p[illegible]e,
A very woman, and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſe[illegible]iſe,
Procur'd young huſbands in my ripe[illegible]ys:
Though paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail;

Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.
 But oh, good gods! when'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
 My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miſs or two:
But all tha[illegible] I paid.—As how? you'll ſay;
Not with [illegible] in a filthy way;
But I ſo d[illegible] danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'[illegible] with eyes ſo very kind,
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage and frantic jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that cauſ'd the woe.
He dy'd when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood:

A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.
  Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women r[illegible]!
Free gifts we scorn, and love wh[illegible] pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them [illegible]
A glutted market makes provi[illegible]
  In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one Dame Alison;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband pis'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.

Oft has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.
  It ſo befel, in holy time of lent,
That oft a-day I to this goſſip went;
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Alſe,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy maſquerade,
The ſtations duly, and the vigils kept,
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At ſermon[illegible] I ſhone in ſcarlet gay;
The waſti[illegible]'er ſpoil'd my beſt array;
The cauſe [illegible]wore it ev'ry day.
  'Twas when[illegible]ay her early bloſſoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtraight ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
  I vow'd I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;

If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have ſhown.
All this I ſaid; but dreams, ſirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
  Thus day by day, and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſt, as wretched widows—muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around the neighbours, and my cl[illegible] mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods! [illegible] a pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo [illegible]!
Of twenty winters' age he ſeem[illegible];
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame,
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me Mars in Taurus was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this pow'rful conſtellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale. A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land;
But oft repented, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once, by Heav'n, he ſtruck me on the face!
Hear but the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any lioneſs was I,
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old exam[illegible]et before my eyes;
Tell how the R[illegible]atrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' m[illegible]d Duilius' wife;
And cloſe the ſer[illegible]n, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he ſay, Who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And ſo do numbers more, I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatiſe oft at ev'ning read,

Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound:
Valerius whole; and of St. Jerome part;
Chryſippus, and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïſa's Loves;
And many more than ſure the church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
Who drew the lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a man;
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where learning lies,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can [illegible]
Thoſe play the ſcholars who [illegible] ſay the men,
And uſe that weapon which [illegible]ve, their pen:
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)
  It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,
How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe:
How Samſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire:
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid;

But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan dame
And huſband-bull—oh monſtrous, fie for ſhame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day he knew,
How many piſſpots on the ſage ſhe threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he ſaid.
He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant, (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit [illegible] never orchard bear:
Give me ſome ſli[illegible] is moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden pla[illegible]ed ſhall it be.
Then how two wives their lords' deſtruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,

When ftill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus confum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my hufband in a fury rofe,
And down he fettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my fide;
Oh! thou haft flain me for my wealth, (I cry'd),
Yet I forgive thee—take my laft embrace.—
He wept, kind foul! and ftoop'd to kifs my face;
I took him fuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then figh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
  But after many a hearty ftruggle paft,
I condefcended to be pleas'd at l[illegible]
Soon as he faid, My miftrefs[illegible]y wife,
Do what you lift the term o[illegible]ll your life;
I took to heart the merits of the caufe,
And ftood content to rule by wholefome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abfolute command,
With all the government of houfe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
  Now Heav'n on all my hufbands gone beftow
Pleafures above, for tortures felt below:
That reft they wifh'd for grant them in the grave,
And blefs thofe fouls my conduct help'd to fave.

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

BOOK I.

(Tranflated in the year 1703.)

The Argument.

OEDIPUS king of Thebes having by miftake flain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocafta, put out his own eyes, and refigned his realm to his fons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tifiphone to fow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laft to reign fingly, each a year by turns, and the firft lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his refolution of punifhing the Thebans, and Argives alfo, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraftus king of Argos. Juno oppofes, but to no effect; and Mercury is fent on a meffage to the fhades, to the ghoft of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. P[illegible]ce, in the mean-time, departs from Thebes by night, is overta[illegible] ftorm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, wh[illegible]d [illegible]om Calydon, having killed his brother. Adraftus entertains t[illegible]ving received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters fhould be married to a boar and a lion, which he underftands to be meant of thefe ftrangers, by whom the hides of thofe beafts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feaft in honour of that god. The rife of this folemnity; he relates to his guefts the loves of Phoebus and Pfamathe, and the ftory of Choroebus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their defcent and quality: the facrifice is renewed, and the Book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

Fraternal rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign deftroy'd by impious arms
Demand our fong; a facred fury fires
My ravifh'd breaft, and all the Mufe infpires.

Fraternas acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, fontefque evolvere Thebas,

O Goddefs, fay, fhall I deduce my rhimes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ftern decree,
And Cadmus fearching round the fpacious fea?
How with the ferpent's teeth he fow'd the foil,
And reap'd an iron harveft of his toil?
Or how from joining ftones the city fprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion fung?
Or fhall I Juno's hate to Thebes refound,
Whofe fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
The fire againft the fon his arrows drew;
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a fecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, deæ? gentifne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? fcrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
Longo retro feries, trepidum fi martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia fulcis
Expediam, penitufque fequar quo carmine muris
Jufferit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho.
Quod fævæ Junonis opus; cui fumpferit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, focio cafura Palæmone mater.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At Oedipus—from his diſaſters trace
The long confuſions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæſar's conqu'ring eagles ſing;
How twice he tam'd proud Iſter's rapid flood, [blood;
While Dacian mountains ſtream'd with barb'rous
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
Or long before, with early valour ſtrove,
In youthful arms t'aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increaſe of g[illegible] to the Latian name!
Oh! bleſs thy Ro[illegible] an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring words entreat in vain.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et proſpera Cadmi
Præteriiſſe ſinam: limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodæ confuſa domus: quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec arctoos auſim ſperare triumphos,
Biſque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Iſtrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defenſa prius vix pubeſcentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque, O Latiæ, decus addite famæ,
Quem nova maturi ſubeuntem exorſa parentis
Æternum ſibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat ſtellas, et te plaga lucida cœli

What tho' the ſtars contract their heav'nly ſpace,
And crowd their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Tho' all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Tho' Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne and ſhare his heav'n with thee;
Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
  The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame:
Mean-while permit that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,

Pleïadum, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua.
Parte poli; maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et ſidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum pierio tua fortior œſtro
Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. ſatis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,

And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wand'ring ghoſts
Of kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Iſmenos' ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of ſlain o[illegible] ev'ry ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the ho[illegible] tide?
Or how the yo[illegible], with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to [illegible] for[illegible] mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capan[illegible] my verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.

Nec furiis poſt fata modum, flammaſque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumuliſque carentia regum
Funera, et egeſtas alternis mortibus urbes;
Cærula cum rubuit Lernæo ſanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes aſſuetum ſtringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Iſmenon acervo.
Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ
Tydea? laurigeri ſubitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget ut hoſtilem propellens cædibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atqui alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul.
The wretch then lifted up to th' unpitying ſkies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whoſe wounds, yet freſ[illegible] with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his brea[illegible]ſe dreadful accents broke.
Ye Gods! that o'er the gloom[illegible]ns reign,
Where guilty ſpirits fe[illegible]al [illegible]n;

Impia jam merita ſcrutatus lumina dextra
Merſerat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaque animam ſub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque receſſu
Sedis, inaſpectos cœlo, radiiſque penates
Servantem, tamen aſſiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, ſcelerumque in pectore diræ.
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miſerabile vitæ
Supplicium, oſtentat cœlo, manibuſque cruentis
Pulſat inane ſolum, ſævaque ita voce precatur:
Dî ſontes animas, anguſtaque Tartara poenis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,

Thou, ſable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coaſts, which I, tho' blind, behold;
Tiſiphone, that oft' haſt heard my pray'r,
Aſſiſt, if Oedipus deſerve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come;
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphynx's riddles d[illegible]ſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win t[illegible]romis'd reign;
If wretched I[illegible] baleful f[illegible]es led,
With monſtrous mixt[illegible]n'd my mother's bed,

Quam video, multumque mihi conſueta vocari
Annue Tiſiphone, perverſaque vota ſecunda,
Si bene quid merui, ſi me de matre cadentem
Foviſti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmâſti; ſi ſtagna petî Cyrrhæa bicorni
Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo
Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce
Longævum implicui regem, ſecuique trementis
Ora ſenis, dum quæro patrem: ſi Sphingos iniquæ
Callidus ambages, te præmonſtrante, reſolvi;
Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubium gaviſus inî; noctemque nefandam
Sæpe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi;

For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
Then ſelf-condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight;
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire.
My ſons their old, unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of ey[illegible];
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
Theſe ſons, ye gods! w[illegible], with flagitious pride,
Inſult my darkneſs, a[illegible]y groans deride.
Art thou a father, un[illegible]ding Jove?
And ſleeps thy thunder [illegible] realms above?
Thou Fury, [illegible]n, ſome laſting [illegible]rſe entail,
Which o'er their children's children ſhall prevail:

Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cedentibus ultro
Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui:
Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quæque ipſa furenti
Subjiceres: orbum viſu regniſque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce ſuperbi
(Pro dolor!) et noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
Inſultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.
Hiſne etiam funeſtus ego? et videt iſta deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu ſaltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.

Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curſes bear,
Break all the bonds of Nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee,
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'ſt thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father fromhoſe loins they came.
The Fury heard, while onytus' brink
Her ſnakes unty'd, ſulphure[…]ters drink;
But at the ſummons roll'[…]und,
And ſnatch'd the ſtar[…]erpents frohe ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air
The gliding lightning, or deſcending ſtar.

Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votiſque inſtincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro
Diſſiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidiſſe nefas, nec tarda ſequetur
Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora noſces.
Talia jactanti crudelis diva ſeveros
Advertit vultus; inamœnum forte ſedebat
Cocyton juxta, reſolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere ſulfureas permiſerat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igne Jovis, lapſiſque citatior aſtris

Thro' crowds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tenarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and ſick'ning at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath M[illegible]ea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, an[illegible]eer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed [illegible]ell-known [illegible]urney took,
Nor here regr[illegible]he late forſook.
A hundre[illegible]akes her g[illegible] viſage ſhade,
A hundr[illegible] ſerpents guard her horrid head;

Triſtibus exiliit ripis, diſcedit inane
Vulgus, et occurſus dominæ pavet; illa per umbras
Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,
Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.
Senſit adeſſe dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia cœlum cervice remiſit.
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle reſurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas
Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi ſtantes umbrabant ora ceraſtæ,

In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow;
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with ſtrong charms ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame. [came
From ev'ry blaſt of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a f[illegible]al brand:
A ſerpent from her left was [illegible]o rear
His flaming creſt, and laſ[illegible] air.
But when the Fury too[illegible] ſtand on [illegible],
Where vaſt Cithæron's top ſalutes the ſky,

Turba minor diri capitis: ſedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracea rubet arte labor: ſuffuſa veneno
Tenditur, ac ſanie gliſcit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa ſitis, morbique, fameſque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
Palla et cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipſa novat Proſerpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verbere hydro.
Ut ſtetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron

A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round,
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice,
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palæmon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in [illegible] veil of clouds.
Straight with the ra[illegible]f all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, [illegible] brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their f[illegible] within their breaſt.

Occurrit [illegible]io, fera ſibila crine virenti
Congeminat, ſignum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna reſultant.
Audiit et medius cœli Parnaſſus et aſper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmos.
Ipſa ſuum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona preſſit.
Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum
Conſtitit, aſſuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum ſub pectore motus,
Gentileſque animos ſubiit furor, ægraque lætis,

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred thirſt of ſway, and all the ties
Of Nature broke, and royal perjuries;
And impotent deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne:
Each would the ſweets of ſov'reign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided pow'r.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile ne[illegible]ks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or d[illegible] the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bo[illegible] diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in c[illegible]
Such was the diſcord [illegible] royal pa[illegible]
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
Sævus amor: ruptæque vices, jurisque ſecundi
Ambitus impatiens, et ſummo dulcius unum
Stare loco, ſociiſque comes diſcordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola impoſito ſociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes quîs nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodoſos cervix deſcendit in armos,
In diverſa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite ſulcos:
Haud ſecus indomitos præceps diſcordia fratres,

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
 Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the [illegible]mpous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands i[illegible]'ring armour wait
Before the slee[illegible]'s guarded gate;
No chargers [illegible]n were w[illegible]t in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver[illegible]es took the forming mold;

Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno
Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptra tenentem
Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret hæres.
Hæc inter fratres pietas erat: hæc mora pugnæ
Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.
 Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes

Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles t[illegible] crown:

Excubiæ, nec cura mero c[illegible] gemmas,
Atque aurum violare c[illegible]ed nud[illegible]estas
Armavit fratres: pug[illegible] est de paupere [illegible]no.
Dumque uter angustæ squalentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii solio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
Quasque procul terras obliquo sidere tangit
Avius, aut Bor[illegible] gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ
Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est

What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou could'ſt around ſurvey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of kings impos'd, and [illegible]udgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the [illegible], and vulgar ſpite
With ſcandal ar[illegible]noble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—[illegible]hebes! [illegible]hee what fates remain,
What woe[illegible]tend this inauſpicious reign?

Oedipodæ ſediſſe loco. Jam ſorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos, quis tum tibi, ſæve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum ſolus in aula
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores
Et nuſquam par ſtare caput? Jam murmura ſerpunt
Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Diſſidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læſiſſe veneno
Summa, nec impoſitos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aſpera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,

Muft we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty mafter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ftill to change whom chang'd we ftill muft fear?
Thefe now control a wretched people's fate,
Thefe can divide, and thefe reverfe the ftate:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O fervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ftill by turns command!
Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring haft thou fix'd this fate,
From the firft birth of our [illegible]happy ftate;
When banifh'd Cadmus, w[illegible]'ring o'er the main,
For loft Europ[illegible] fearch'd t[illegible]ld in vain,
And fated in Bœotian f[illegible]
A rifing empire on a[illegible]gn groun[illegible]
Firft rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'[illegible]lain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers flain?

Alternoque jugo dubitantia fubdere colla!
Partiti verfant populorum fata, manuque
Fortunam fecere levem, femperne viciffim
Exulibus fervire dabor? tibi, fumme deorum,
Terrarumque fator, fociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio juffus fale quærere Cadmus
Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros;
Fraternafque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,

What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What fullen fury clouds his fcornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ftate, defcend, and ferve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the fuppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne;
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we! a vile, [illegible]bmiffive train,
Fortune's tame fools, [illegible] flaves in ev'ry reign!
As when two win[illegible]h rival forc[illegible] contend,
This way and th[illegible]ng fails they bend,
While freezi[illegible]oreas, an[illegible]k Eurus blow,
Now here, [illegible]w there, the reeling veffel throw:

Augurium, feros dimifit adufque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva fub fronte minetur
Sævior affurgens dempto conforte poteftas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia faftu?
Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior æqui,
Quid mirum? non folus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus cafus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.
Heu dubio fufpenfa metu, tolerandaque nullis

Thus on each ſide, alas! our tott'ring ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate;
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.
  And now th' almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:
Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns a manſion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace o[illegible]arth, and air, and ſea.
Full in the midſt, and on [illegible]ry throne,
The Majeſty [illegible]he[illegible]v'n ſu[illegible]one;
Serene he look'd, and [illegible]od,
And all the tremblin[illegible]pheres confeſs [illegible]he god.
At Jove's aſſent the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.

Aſpera ſors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
  At Jovis imperiis rapidi ſuper atria cœli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. ſpatiis hinc omnia juxta
Primæque occiduæque domus, effuſa ſub omni
Terra atque unda die. mediis ſeſe arduus infert
Ipſe deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat ſolio. nec protinus auſi
Cœlicolæ, veniam donec pater ipſe ſedendi
Tranquilla jubet eſſe manu. mox turba vagorum

Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bow'rs;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow,
And thoſe that give the wand'ring winds to blow;
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;
Heav'n ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his [illegible]lemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation lifte[illegible] while he ſpoke,
Each ſacred accent [illegible]ternal weig[illegible]t,
And each irre[illegible] fate.
  How long [illegible]l man the w[illegible] of Heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh! race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!

Semideûm, et ſummis cognati nubibus Amnes,
Et compreſſa metu ſervantes murmura Venti,
Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
Majeſtate tremunt: radiant majore ſereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine poſtes.
Poſtquam juſſa quies, ſiluitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, et vocem fata ſequuntur.)
Terrarum delicta, nec exſuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. quonam uſque nocentum

This weary'd arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his taſk retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhauſted oft its fires.
For this I ſuffer'd Phœbus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad ruler to miſguide the day;
When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heav'n itſelf the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main;
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jo[illegible], offend;
To puniſh theſe ſee Jove hi[illegible] deſcend.
The Theban kings their li[illegible] Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perſeus t[illegible] of Arg[illegible]ace.

Exigar in pœnas? tædet ſævire coruſco
Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operoſa fatiſcunt
Brachia, et Æoliis deſunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tuleram falſo rectore ſalutos
Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontæa mundum ſquallere favilla.
Nil actum eſt: neque tu valida quod cuſpide late
Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dediſti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quîs ſanguinis autor
Ipſe ego deſcendo. Perſeos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impôſta manet. Quis funera Cadmi

Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother ſtain'd with filial blood;
The ſavage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the ſins of theſe profane,
The ſun would ſink into the weſtern main,
And, riſing, gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the b od of Laius ſhed)
The murd'ring ſon af his parent's bed,
Through violated ce his way,
And ſtain the wom ere once he lay?
Yet now in knefs and deſpair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;

Neſciat? et toties excitam a ſedibus imis
Eumenidum bellâſſe aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroreſque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
Crimina? vix lucis ſpatio, vix noctis abactæ
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius hæres
Patris, et immeritæ gremium inceſtare parentis
Appetiit, proprios monſtro revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen ſuperis æterna piacula ſolvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere noſtro

His ſons with ſcorn their eyeleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curſe, oh Oedipus! juſt Heav'n alarms,
And ſets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.
Adraſtus ſoon, with gods averſe, ſhall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus ſhall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for [illegible]e tyrant's feaſt.
  He ſaid; and thus the Q[illegible] of Heav'n return'd;
(With ſudden grief her la[illegible]m burn'd)

Veſcitur: at nati (facinus ſine more!) c[illegible]entes
Calcavere oculos. jam jam rara vota tuliſti,
Dire ſenex; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
Ultorem ſperare Jovem. nova fontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a ſtirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. belli mihi ſemina ſunto
Adraſtus ſocer, et ſuperis adjuncta ſiniſtris
Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis inceſſere gentem
Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et ſævæ periit injuria menſæ.
  Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi ſaucia dictis,
Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert; Mene, O juſtiſſime divûm,

Muſt I, whoſe cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Muſt I, oh Jove! in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus ſlept and bled;
Though there the brazen tow'r was ſtorm'd of old,
When Jove deſcended in almighty gold:
Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;
But Thebes, where, ſhining in celeſtial charms,
Thou cam'ſt triumph[illegible] to a mortal's arms,
When all my glorie[illegible] her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing lig[illegible]nc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Theb[illegible]e vengea[illegible]t deſerves may prove—
Ah, why [illegible]uld Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter-queen control,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,

Me bello certare jubes? ſcis ſemper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibuſque juvem; licet improbus illic
Cuſtodem Phariæ, ſomno letoque juvencæ
Extinguas, ſeptis et turribus aureus intres.
Mentitis ignoſco toris: illam odimus urbem,
Quam vultu confeſſus adis: ubi conſcia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebæ: cur hoſtis eligis Argos?
Quin age, ſi tanta eſt thalami diſcordia ſancti,

Go, raiſe my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the duſt the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your Iſis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel ſound.
But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the fathers' crimes,
And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to ren[illegible]y rage;
Say, from wh[illegible] p[illegible]riod th[illegible]ove deſign'd
To date his vengeance? [illegible] what [illegible]ds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where firſt Alphe[illegible]hides
His wand'ring ſtream, and thro' the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.

Et Samon, et veteres armis exſcinde Mycenas.
Verte ſolo Sparten. cur uſquam ſanguine feſto
Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
Læta calet? Melius votis Marœtica fumat
Coptos, et æriſoni lugentia flumina Nili.
Quod ſi priſca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis ſera hæc ſententia curis;
Percenſere ævi ſenium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et ſecula retro

Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove! thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms an[illegible]b'rous kings impose
Thy plagues, and [illegible] with [illegible]ons as those.

Emendare fa[illegible]t? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
Imposuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
Oenomaï, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Æmo
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
Creta tuos. me Tantaleis consistere tectis,
Quæ tandem invidia est? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miserefce tui. sunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes,

Thus in reproach and pray'r the Queen exprest
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our superior will.
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath whic ds the Thunderer),
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocabl f Jove;
No force can bend me, no persua r move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air,
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno:
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
Reddidit hæc; Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquus) in Argos
Consulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem
Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris
Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales

Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whoſe ghoſt yet ſhiv'ring on Cocytus' ſand,
Expects its paſſage to the further ſtrand:
Let the pale ſire reviſit Thebes, and bear
Theſe pleaſing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, ſwell'd with pride
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cauſe of more than mortal hate;
The reſt ſucceeding times ſhall ripen into fate.
  The god obeys, and [illegible]is feet applies
Thoſe golden win[illegible]t the yielding ſkies.

Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenia proles:
Aëra per liquidum, regniſque illapſus opacis
Dic patruo, Superas ſenior ſe tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi: ferat hæc diro mea juſſa nepoti:
Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicíſque tumentem
Hoſpitiis, quod ſponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
Hinc cauſæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.
  Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis.
Obnubitque comas, et temperat aſtra galero.

His ample hat his beamy locks o'erſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry glories of his head.
He ſeiz'd the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coaſts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghoſts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers through air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circl[illegible]er the ſkies.
Mean time the baniſh'd [illegible]nices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) t[illegible]h' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily viſion and his dream by night;

Tum dextræ virgam inſeruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut ſuadere iterum ſomnos, qua nigra ſubire
Tartara, et exangues animare aſſueverat umbras.
Deſiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, ſublimes raptim per inani volatus
Carpit, et ingenti deſignat nubila gyro.
Intereæ patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furto deſerta pererrat
Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum ſignis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recurſans

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly,
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne;
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.
 The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's [illegible] tow'rs aſcend,
(Where late the [illegible]treus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt.)
And now by Chance, by Fate, or Furies led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,

Cura virum, ſi quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et ſemet Thebis, opibuſque potitum,
Cerneret: hac ævum cupiat pro luce paciſci
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ diſpendia: ſed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et ſediſſe ſuperbum
Dejecto ſe fratre putat. ſpes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo conſumit gaudia voto.
Tunc ſedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas,
Ferre iter impavidum. ſeu prævia ducit Erynnis,

Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground.
Then ſees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtrait that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver light;
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew
Her airy chariot, hung wit[illegible] dew:

Seu ſors illa viæ, ſive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deſerit, et pingues Baccheo ſanguine colles,
Inde plagam, qua molle ſedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur, laſſumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
Præterit, hinc arcte ſcopuloſo in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæque rura
Purpureo regnata ſeni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.
Jamque per emeriti ſurgens confinia Phœbi
Titanis, late mundo ſubvecta ſilenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucreſque tacent; jam ſomnus avaris

All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night:
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turn[illegible]gdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,

Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat,
Grato laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo
Promisere jubar, nec rarescentibus umbris
Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phœbo.
Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ
Subtexit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis
Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems; venti transversa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum cœlum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster

From whoſe dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily ſhow'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flaſh from ev'ry cloud.
Now ſmokes with ſhow'rs the miſty mountain ground,
And floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round.
Th' Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Eraſinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds:
Where late was duſt, now rapid torrents play,
Ruſh thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on t[illegible]ds are borne:

Inglomerat noctem, et tenebroſa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, ſicco quos aſper hiatu
Perſolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiſcunt
Fulgura, et atritus ſubita face rumpitur æther.
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas ſurgens Eraſinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ.
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, ſtagnoque refuſa eſt
Funditus. et veteri ſpumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ
Brachia ſylvarum, nulliſque aſpecta per ævum
Solibus umbroſi patuere æſtiva Lycæi.

The ſtorm the dark Lycæan groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd, from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by ſtorms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes, to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with [fears.
 So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds con[illegible]ötes' golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;

Ille tamen modo ſaxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aure pavens, paſſimque inſano turbine raptas
Paſtorum pecorumque domos. non ſegnius amens,
Incertuſque viæ, per nigra ſilentia, vaſtum
Haurit iter: pulſat metus undique, et undique frater.
 Ac velut hiberno deprenſus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico ſidere monſtrat
Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut ſaxa malignis
Expectat ſubmerſa vadis, aut vertice acuto

He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and ſkies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus ſtrove the chief, on ev'ry ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage with his toils increas'd;
With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickeſt woods, and rous'd the beaſts of prey;
Till he beheld where from Lariſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Profymna's grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;

Spumantes ſcopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vaſto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens ſtabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat ſtimulos animo vis mœſta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens
Lariſſæus apex. illò ſpe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celſæ Junonia templa Profymnæ
Lævus habet, hinc herculeo ſignata vapore
Lernæi ſtagna atra vadi. tandemque recluſis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Veſtibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis poſtibus aulæ

On the cold marble, ſpent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
  Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his declining days:
By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung—"Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion and a briſtly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his he[illegible] and broke his reſt;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' ſkill'd in fate and dark futurity.

Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia ſomnos.
  Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In ſenium vergens populos Adraſtus habebat,
Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de ſanguine ducens.
Hic ſexûs melioris inops, ſed prole virebat
Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phœbus generos (monſtrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque ſuem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non, ipſe pater, non docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.
Lo hapleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill-fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,
And ſeiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Thro' the thick deſerts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempeſt driv'n,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from th' inclement heav'n,
'Till, led by Fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands reſort
T' Adraſtus' realms and hoſpitable court,
The king ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurpriſe.
A lion's yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;

Tantum in corde ſedens ægreſcit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni ſanguinis illum
Conſcius horror agit) eadem ſub nocte ſopora
Luſtra terit, ſimileſque Notos dequeſtus et imbres,
Infuſam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comaſque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus
Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat.—

Hic primum luſtrare oculis, cultuſque virorum
Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem

Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly ſhoulders overſpread;
Oblique his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king th' accompliſh'd oracle ſurveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future ſons.
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein.
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent Queen of night.
Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:

Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in ſpeciem, quem per Theumeſia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Cleonæi veſtitur prælia monſtri.
Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviæ, Calydonis honos. ſtupet omine tanto
Defixus ſenior, divina oracula Phœbi
Agnoſcens, monituſque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, letuſque per artus
Horror iit. ſenſit manifeſto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo

You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
'Till nature, quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day.
Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus; I confeſs the gods!

Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas:
Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quæſitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati
Detegis. aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni
Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt
Electa fervice greges, luſtraliaque exta
Lacte nova perfuſus edet vulcanius ignis.
Salve, priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique receſſus;

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former ſacrifice.
The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in caniſte[illegible]e pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly:

Deprendi, fortuna, deos. ſic fatus; et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ
Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina ſacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulaſque recentes
Inſtaurare jubet. dictis parere miniſtri
Certatim accelerant. vario ſtrepit icta tumultu
Regia: pars oſtro tenues, auroque ſonantes
Emunire toros, altoſque inferre tapetas:
Pars teretes levare manu, ac diſponere menſas:
Aſt alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Agreſſi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.

Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt;
Around, at awful diſtance, wait the reſt.
And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd:
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,

His labor inſerto torrere exanguia ferro
Viſcera cæſarum pecudum: his, cumulare caniſtris
Perdomitam ſaxo Cererem. lætatur Adraſtus
Obſequio fervere domum. jamque ipſe ſuperbis
Fulgebat ſtratis, ſolioque effultus eburno,
Parte alia juvenes ſiccati vulnera lymphis
Diſcumbunt: ſimul ora notis fœdata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoſcunt. tunc rex longævus Aceſten
(Natarum hæc altrix, eadem et fidiſſima cuſtos
Lecta ſacrum juſtæ veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egreſſæ thalamo (mirabile viſu)

But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chac[illegible]ve's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:

Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ
Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
Visa virûm facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes
Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine me
Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iäsides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
Qua Danaüs libare deis seniorque Phoroneus
Assueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam præfecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in aura
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora

Still as he riſes in th' etherial height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.
  This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celeſtial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in num'rous hymns of praiſe.
  Then thus the king: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts

Pene movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant mœſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
  Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cœlicolas: Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad aras
Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus; cui feſta dies, largoque refecti
Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.

To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe; our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of day.
 When by a thouſand darts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopos' humble courts.

Forſitan, O juvenes, quæ ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
Precipuum cauſis Phœbi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Poſtquam cœrulei ſinuoſa volumina monſtri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, ſquamiſque annoſa terentem
Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,
Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula cædi
Perquirens, noſtri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. huic primis et pubem ineuntibus annis,

This rural prince one only daughter bleſs'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream, the yielding fair enjoy'd.
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah! how unworthy thoſe of race divine!

Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix, ſi Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phœbo ſociaſſet amorem.
Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte reſumeret orbes
Cynthia, ſidereum Latonæ fœta nepotem
Edidit: ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum ſepta inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris cuſtodi mandat alendum.
Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti

On flow'ry herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleeting lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries,
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate would give;
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;

Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clauſa arbutei ſub cortice libri
Membra tepent, ſuadetque leves cava fiſtula ſomnos,
Et pecori commune ſolum. ſed fata nec illum
Conceſſere larem: viridi nam ceſpite terræ
Projectum temere, et patulo cœlum ore trahentem,
Dira canum rabies morſu depaſta cruento
Disjicit. hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulſi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus. ipſa ultro ſævis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus
Occurrit confeſſa patri. nec motus, at atro

Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
  But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs;
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
  But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;

Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
  Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,
Phœbe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora
Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis:
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squalida passu
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento
Devesci et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.
  Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Chorœbus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi

Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.
Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd,
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide;
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears;
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Her twiſting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb imbru'd
With livid poiſon, and our children's blood.

Famam poſthabita faciles extendere vita,
Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio, lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
Ferratique ungues tenero ſub corde tepeſcunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virûm ſtipante coronâ,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens ſub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone coruſco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem ſua monſtra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi, juvat ire, et viſere juxta
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, et craſſo ſqualentia pectora tabo,

The crowd in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corpſe engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obſcene, that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hollow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnaſſus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:

Qua noſtræ cecidere animæ. ſtupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque poſt lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent,
Hi trabibus duris, ſolatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, aſpróſque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere poteſtas.
Illam et nocturno circum ſtridore volantes
Impaſtæ fugiſtis aves, rabidámque canum vim,
Oraque ſicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâſſe luporum.
Sævior in miſeros fatis ultricis ademptæ
Delius inſurgit, ſummaque biverticis umbra
Parnaſſi reſidens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Peſtifera arma jacit, campoſque, et celſa Cyclopum
Tecta, ſuperjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animæ: Mors fila ſororum

And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
  But Phœbus aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
  Bleſs'd be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preſerve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave;
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus beſpoke:
  With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,

Enſe metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
  Quærenti quæ cauſa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum,
Idem autor Pæan rurſus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monſtro juvenes, qui cæde potiti.
  Fortunate animi, longumque in ſæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi
Conſtitit, et ſacras ita vocibus aſperat iras:
  Non miſſus, Thymbræe, tuos ſupplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conſcia virtus

Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, Phœbus, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here, for whom, ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why muſt unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all,
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.

Has egere vias. ego ſum qui cæde ſubegi, 759
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et ſqualente die, nigra quem tabe ſiniſtri
Quæris, inique, poli. quod ſi monſtra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis, 766
Mors hominum, et ſævo tanta inclementia cœlo eſt;
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, ſolum
Objeciſſe caput fatis præſtabit, an illud 771
Lene magis cordi, quod deſolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis

Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
 Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial Heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r that glow'd with rage,
With ſuch amazing virtue durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth re- [tir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe:
Theſe ſolemn feaſts propitious Phœbus pleaſe;
Theſe honours, ſtill renew'd, his ancient wrath appeaſe.

Lucet ager? ſed quid fando tua tela manuſque
Demoror? expectant matres, ſupremaque fundunt
Vota mihi. ſatis eſt: merui, ne parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcuſque intende ſonoros,
Inſignemque animam leto demitte: ſed illum
Pallidus Inachiis qui deſuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua merentes
Reſpicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis
Latoïden, triſtemque viro ſummiſſus honorem
Largitur vitæ. noſtro mala nubila cœlo
Diffugiunt. at tu ſtupefacti a limine Phœbi
Exoratus abis. inde hæc ſtata ſacra quotannis
Solemnes recolunt epulæ, Phœbeiaque placat

But ſay, illuſtrious gueſt, (adjoin'd the King),
What name you bear, from what high race you ſpring?
The noble Tydeus ſtands confeſs'd, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And ſilent hours to various talk invite.
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and ſadly thus at length replies:
Before theſe altars how ſhall I proclaim
(O gen'rous Prince) my nation, or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the ſad tale for ever reſt untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You ſeek to ſhare in ſorrows not your own;

Templa novatus honos. has forte inviſitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus
Et Parthaoniæ (dudum ſi certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs: tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando hæc variis ſermonibus hora eſt.
Dejecit mœſtos extemplo Iſmenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læſum
Obliquare oculos. tum longa ſilentia movit:
Non ſuper hos divûm tibi ſum quærendus honores
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter ſacra fateri.
Sed ſi præcipitant miſerum cognoſcere curæ,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,

Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocaſta's ſon, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breaſt
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
Replies:—Ah, why forbears the ſon to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to ſtray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And thoſe who tread the burning Lybian lands,
The faithleſs ſyrtes, and the moving ſands;
Who view the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eaſtern grounds;
All theſe the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the ſons the parents' crimes deſcend,
What prince from thoſe his lineage can defend?

Et genetrix Jocaſta mihi. tum motus Adraſtus
Hoſpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
Scimus, ait; nec ſic averſum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculoſque pudentes
Novit, et Arctoïs ſi quis de ſolibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occaſibus intrat
Oceanum, et ſi quos incerto littore ſyrtes
Deſtituunt: ne perge queri, caſuſque priorum
Annumerare tibi. noſtro quoque ſanguine multum

Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy anceſtors' diſgrace,
And be thyſelf the honour of thy race.
But ſee! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
And ſhine more faintly at approaching day:
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more reſound the great Apollo's praiſe.
  Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coaſt
And ſnowy mountains thy bright preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the ſhady ſhore;

Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obſtat.
Tu modo diſſimilis rebus mereare ſecundis
Excuſare tuos. Sed jam temone ſupino
Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor urſæ.
Fundite vina focis, ſervatoremque parentum
Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
  Phœbe parens, ſeu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivoſis
Exercent dumeta jugis, ſeu rore pudico
Caſtaliæ flavos amor eſt tibi mergere crines;
Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratas Phrygios humeris ſubiiſſe molares:
Seu juvat Ægæum ferſens Latonius umbrâ
Cynthus, et aſſiduam pelago non quærere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hoſtes

Or chuſe thy ſeat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The ſhining ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring gods:
By thee the bow and mortal ſhafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of ſecret Fate above,
And the dark counſels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the ſeeds of future war to know,
The change of ſceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors ſpread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
T' excel the muſic of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy ſhafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand ſlew Python, and the dame who loſt
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boaſt.
In Phlegyas' doom thy juſt revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;

Arcus, et ætherii dono ceſſere parentes
Æternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum prænôſſe minas, fatumque quod ultra eſt,
Et ſummo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ ſceptra cometæ.
Tu Phryga ſubmittis citharæ. tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem
Horruit in ph[illegible]is. ultrix tibi torva Megæra
Jejunum Phlegyam ſubter cava ſaxa jacentem

He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hoſpitable Argos ſhine;
Whether the ſtyle of Titan pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Oſiris, who firſt taught the ſwain
In Pharian fields to ſow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whoſe beams the Perſian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whoſe head the blaze of light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling heifer's lunar horns.

Æterno premit accubitu, dapibuſque profanis
Inſtimulat: ſed miſta famem faſtidia vincunt.
Adſis, O memor Hoſpitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; ſeu te roſeum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, ſeu præſtat Oſirin
Frugiferum, ſeu Perſei ſub rupibus antri
Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Essay on ſatire, occaſioned by the death of Mr. Pope,	5
ESSAY ON MAN, IN FOUR EPISTLES.	
The deſign,	27
Recommendatory poems,	30
Epiſtle I. Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to the univerſe,	39
Epiſtle II. Of the nature and ſtate of Man, with reſpect to himſelf, as an individual,	51
Epiſtle III. Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to ſociety,	63
Epiſtle IV. Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to happineſs,	75
Mr. Pope to the younger Racine, occaſioned by his animadverſions on his Eſſay on Man,	91
M. Racine's anſwer to Mr. Pope,	93
The univerſal prayer,	95
An eſſay on criticiſm,	97
MORAL ESSAYS.	
Epiſtle I. Of the knowledge and characters of Men,	129
Epiſtle II. Of the characters of Wo[illegible]	140

	Page
Epiſtle III. Of the uſe of Riches,	151
Epiſtle IV. Of the uſe of Riches,	166
Epiſtle V. To Mr. Addiſon, occaſioned by his Dialogues on Medals,	174
The wife of Bath,	177
The firſt book of Statius' Thebais,	193

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Nov. 27, 1776.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.